DC

VERTIGO

OBI

NO. 1 OF 4
NOV 95
$2.25 US
$3.25 CAN
£1.50 UK

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

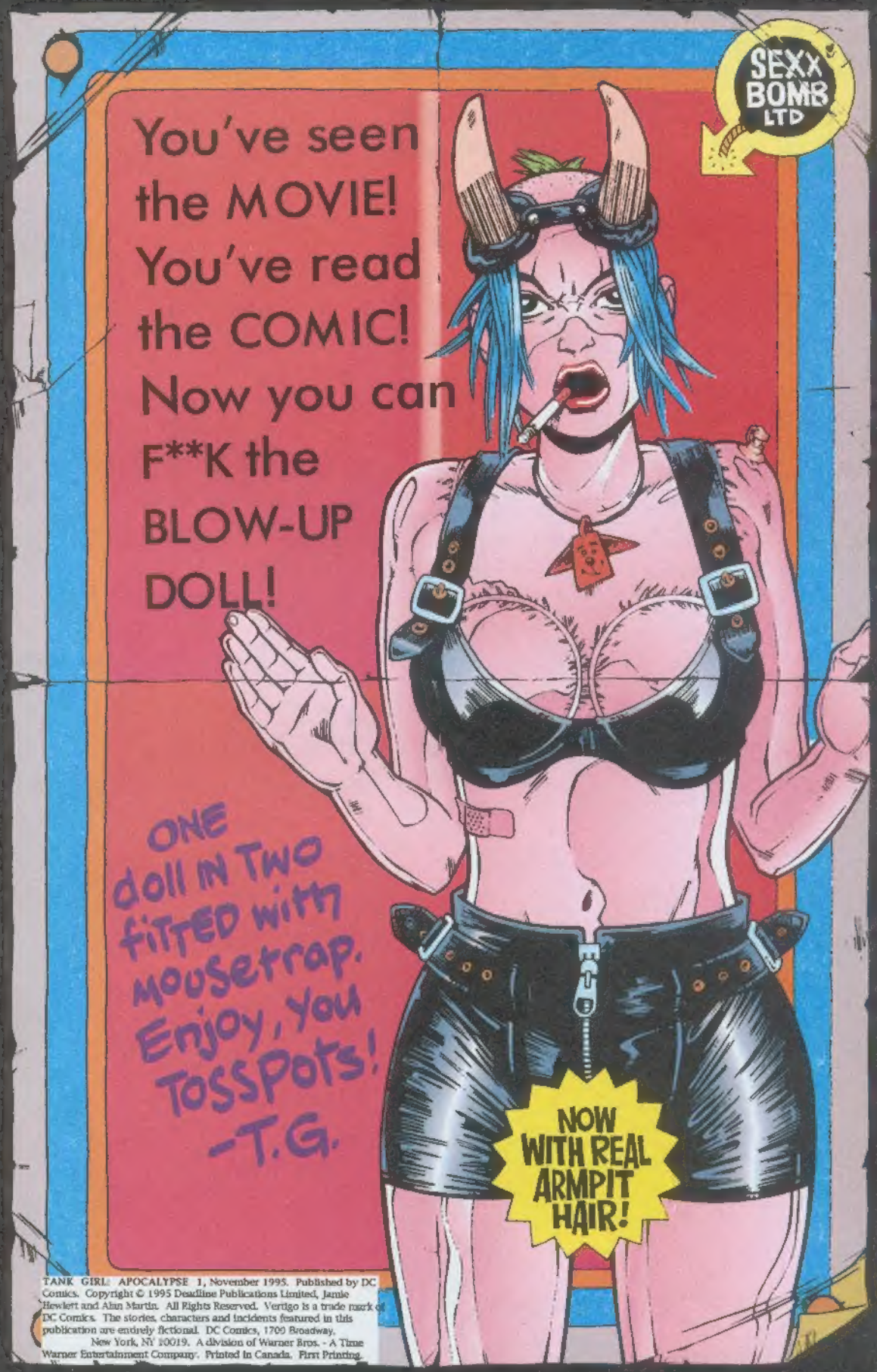
# TANK GIRL APOCALYPSE!

Alan Grant
Andy Pritchett
Philip Bond

DIRECT SALES

00111

7 61941 20605 9




TANK GIRL: APOCALYPSE 1, November 1995. Published by DC Comics. Copyright © 1995 Deadline Publications Limited, Jamie Hewlett and Alan Martin. All Rights Reserved. Vertigo is a trade mark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. A division of Warner Bros. - A Time Warner Entertainment Company. Printed in Canada. First Printing.

a Walk on The Wild Side
ALAN GRANT, WRITER
ANDY PRITCHETT, PENCILLER
PHILIP BOND, INKER
STEVE WHITAKER, COLORIST
ELLIE DE VILLE, LETTERER
HELEN CRAVEN, ASST EDITOR
FRANK WYNNE AND
ART YOUNG, EDITORS
DEEP IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUT-BACK, THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD IS TAKING SHAPE. IN A SEEMINGLY UNRELATED INCIDENT, A MUTANT KANGAROO PERFORMS AN ENERGETIC SERIES OF THRUSTS, HUMPS AND SNEAKY WEE WAGGLES--
HRFF! HRFF!
HUU! HUU! HRF!
HUU! HUU! HUU!
YES! YES!
YESSSSSSSSS!

Yummy!

Aaaahh...!

EH?
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT, BOOGA?

NOISE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH "HUMP ME AGAIN, POTENT SEX MACHINE"?
YOU MEAN YOU WEREN'T EVEN AWAKE? SHEE, TANK GIRL! YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO BOOST A GUY'S EGO!

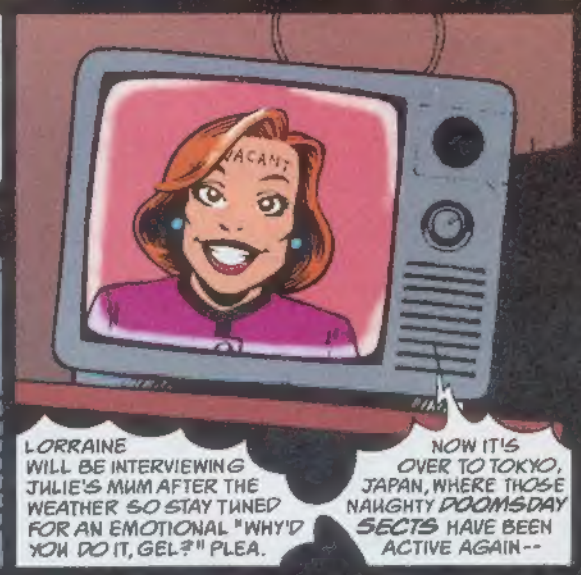
DON'T SAY I'M NOT GOOD TO YOU, BABE. BREAKFAST IN BED!
STRONG AS FUCK!
LAGER
BREW

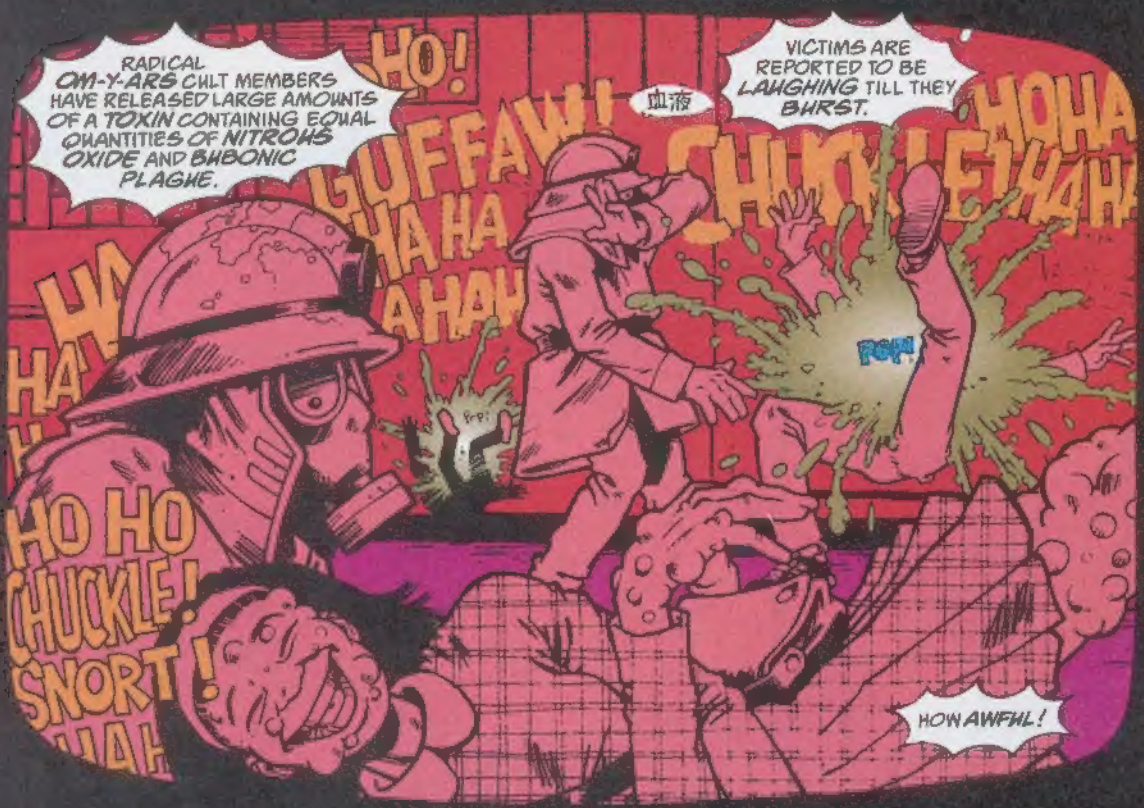
GASM
LAGER
NO, TA!
BOK!
100% BEER
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU ALWAYS START THE DAY WITH BEER. YOU GET WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS IF YOU DON'T! ARE YOU ILL?
I FEEL ... LISTLESS. OUT OF SORTS. ANEMIC. ANOEMIC. NOT QUITE COMPOS FUCKIN' MENTIS, Y'KNOW?
THIS IS SERIOUS -- YOU'LL GET DEHYDRATED! LEMME CALL A DOCTOR ...!
NO POINT. I'M ALLERGIC TO THEM.
LAST DOC I SAW, I NAILED TO A COFFIN LID IN TUCSON, ARIZONA.
JUNK TV IS WHAT YOU NEED! AND SOME FOOD, TO KEEP YOUR STRENGTH UP. I'LL GET STEVIE TO BRING OVER A PIZZA.
MEANTIME, I'M HORNY. I COULD ALWAYS COME BACK TO BED ...?
Have you been blowin' your nose on the sheets again ...?

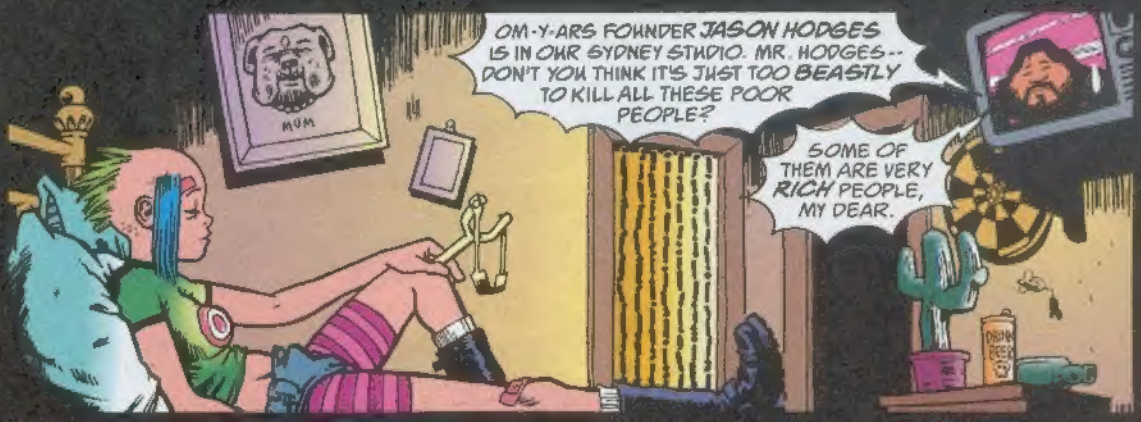
POW!
BAM!
I COULD POP 'EM LIKE RIPE BOILS, BROTHER NATHAN!
THAT MAY NOT BE, BROTHER LUGER. THOUGH THEY RICHLY DESERVE THE MOST LINGERING AND PAINFUL OF DEATHS, WE MUST FIRST DETERMINE THEIR PLACE IN THE COMING MIRACLE.
FOR LO! THE GOOD BOOK TELLS US-- "THE LORD ALONE MAY TRAMPLE DOWN THE VINEYARD OF HIS WRATH, AND NO MAN MAY KNOW THE HOUR OF HIS COMING."
BLAM!
DID YOU SEE ANY VINEYARD ON THE WAY HERE ...?

--NEWS FROM LONDON, ENGLAND, WHERE TWO NICE POLICEMEN WERE SHOT DEAD AND SEVEN OTHERS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED DURING AN OUTLAW RAID ON SCOTLAND YARD'S DRUG REPOSITORY.

AT LEAST 1,000 KILOS OF CRACK COCAINE AND 50 MILLION L.S.D. "TRIPS" WERE STOLEN, AMONGST OTHER ITEMS.
POLICE HAVE ISSUED WARRANTS FOR THE ARREST OF TWO WELL-KNOWN TELEVISION PRESENTERS, ROBERT AND JULIE, "THE DARLINGS OF DAYTIME"-- LAST SEEN HEADED FOR HEATHROW AIRPORT IN A HIJACKED FERRARI TESTOSTERONE.


VACANT
LORRAINE WILL BE INTERVIEWING JULIE'S MUM AFTER THE WEATHER SO STAY TUNED FOR AN EMOTIONAL "WHY'D YOU DO IT, GEL?" PLEA.
NOW IT'S OVER TO TOKYO, JAPAN, WHERE THOSE NAUGHTY DOOMSDAY SECTS HAVE BEEN ACTIVE AGAIN--


RADICAL OM-Y-ARS CULT MEMBERS HAVE RELEASED LARGE AMOUNTS OF A TOXIN CONTAINING EQUAL QUANTITIES OF NITROUS OXIDE AND BUBONIC PLAGUE.
HO!
GUFFAW!
血液
VICTIMS ARE REPORTED TO BE LAUGHING TILL THEY BURST.
HOHA
CHUCKLE!
HAHA
HA HA AHAH
HO HO CHUCKLE! SNORT!
POP!
HOW AWFUL!


MUM
OM-Y-ARS FOUNDER JASON HODGES IS IN OUR SYDNEY STUDIO. MR. HODGES-- DON'T YOU THINK IT'S JUST TOO BEASTLY TO KILL ALL THESE POOR PEOPLE?
SOME OF THEM ARE VERY RICH PEOPLE, MY DEAR.
DRINK BEER

YOUR CULT BELIEVES THE WORLD WILL END IN THE YEAR 2000, DOESN'T IT?
INDEED. FOR SO IT IS WRITTEN. IT IS THE DUTY OF ALL MANKIND TO WORK DILIGENTLY TOWARDS THAT GREAT DAY.
I WILL NOW EXPLAIN--

NOT A LAUGH! NOT A SINGLE LAGER TUBE SMASHIN' THE SCREEN! I'VE NEVER SEEN HER AS DOWN AS THIS, CAMP KOALA!
THANK YOU, MR. HODGES. IT'S 8:45-- TIME FOR ASTROLOGY CORNER!

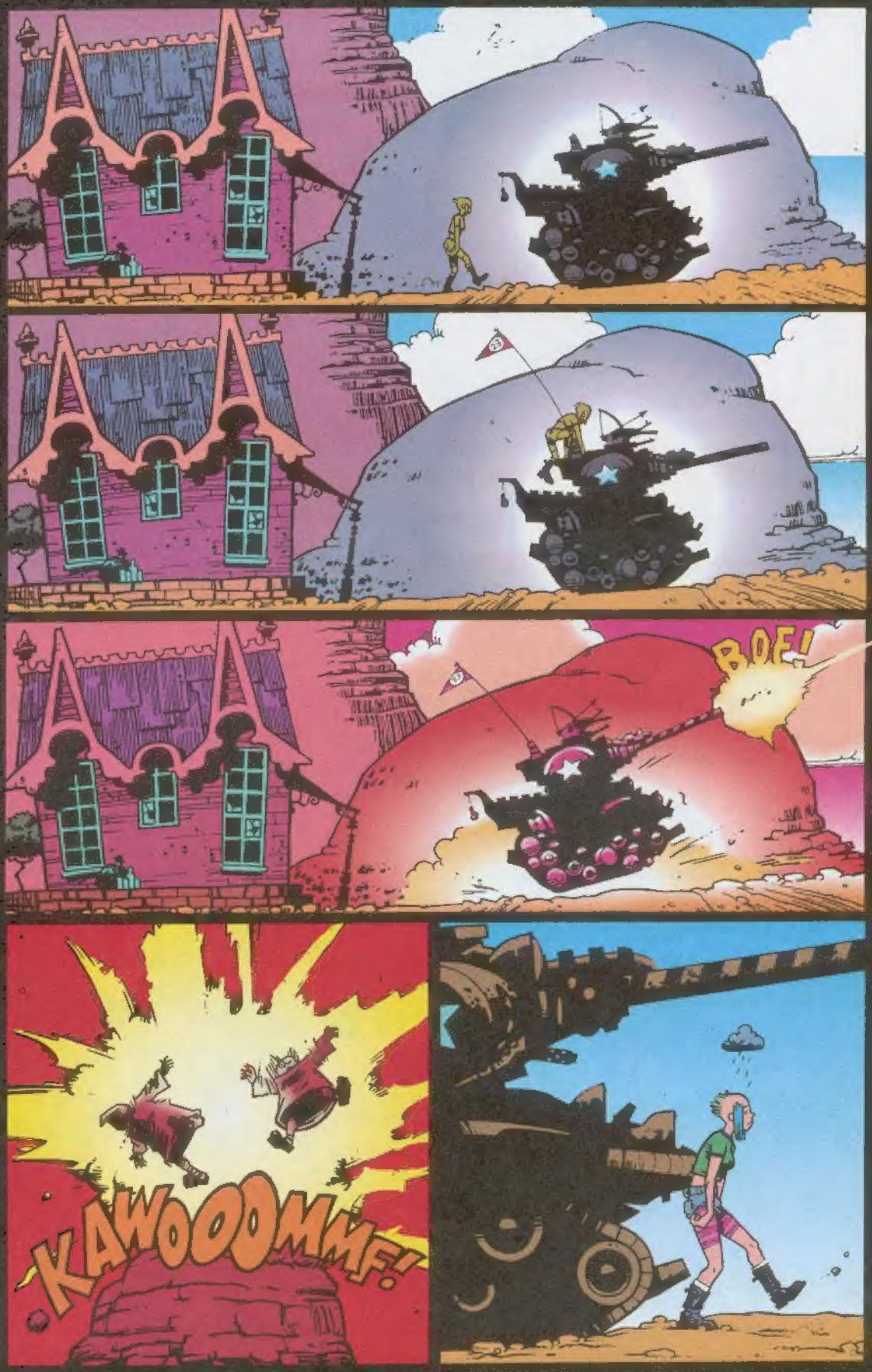
I AM MYSTIX MEG, YOUR GATEWAY TO THE SECRETS OF THE COSMOS. GOOD EVENING.
I MEAN, MORNING. TODAY I WILL HELP YOU GAIN MASTERY OVER FATE BY TEACHING YOU TO DREAM THE WINNING LOTTERY NUMBER.

First, you must fall asleep...
ZZZZZZZZZ
HAVE I GOT TO?
DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES, LITTLE BUDDY!

HEY, TANKY! GEDDALOADATHIS!

MY OLD MAN SAID "FOLLOW THE VAN, AND DON'T DILLYDALLY ON THE WAY!"
BUT I DILLIED AND DALLIED! I DALLIED AND DILLIED!
AND NOW I CAN'T FIND MY WAY HOME!
HOT STUFF

HEY, IT WASN'T THAT BAD!
SLAM!
MUST BE HER TIME OF MONTH!

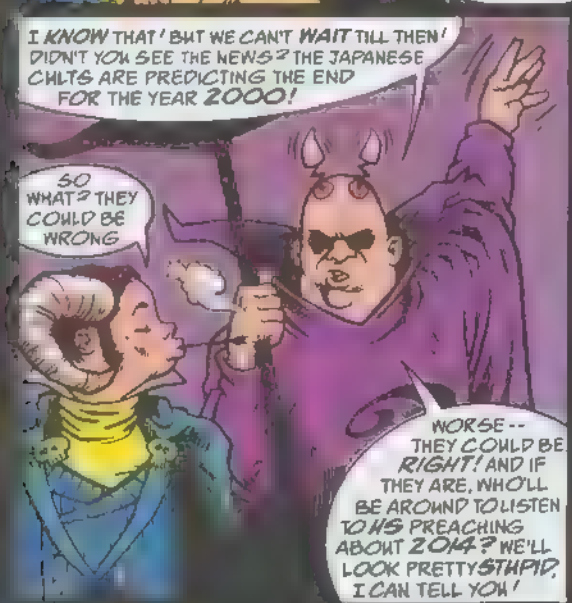

BOF!
KAWOOOMM!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
FOR A WALK
A WALK? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
I NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD
IT DOESN'T NEED CLEARED-- IT NEEDS MESSED!
COME BACK HERE AND GET DRUNK!
BESIDES I'M HORNY!
OH, GO DO THE HOUSE WORK!
USUALLY THERE'S LITTLE TO EQUAL A WELL-OILED VOMIT FOR CASTING OFF THE COBWEBS. SOMETIMES IT'S SO EASY SHE JUST HAS TO OPEN HER MOUTH AND IT JUMPS OUT OF ITS OWN ACCORD-
SPLUSH SPLISH
WHAT THE FUCK IS HOUSEWORK?

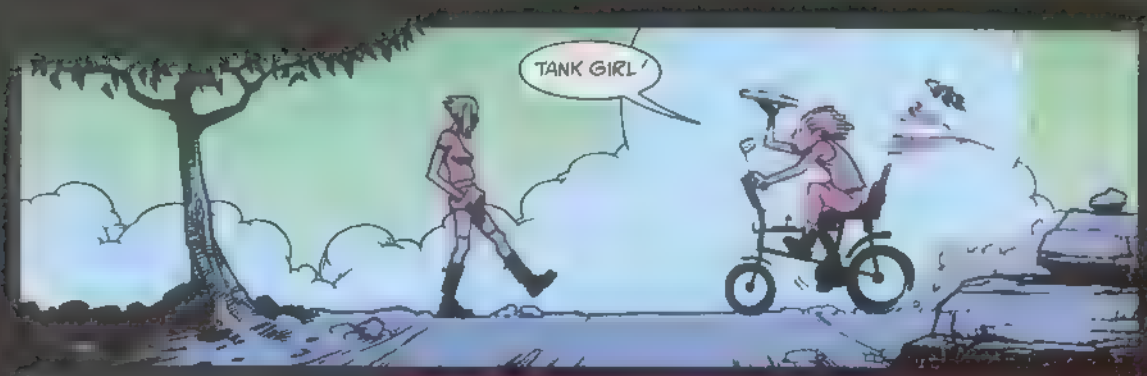
TWITCH!
TWITCH!
THE DEVIL'S STICK TWITCHES!
YONDER LIES OMPHALOS CENTER OF THE WORLD!
ARE YOU SURE, BADROD? IT LOOKS LIKE ... A SHACK.
DEVIL'S BEARD! THERE IS NO ERROR, STERNROD--CHECK THE CALCULATIONS FOR YOURSELF!
THEY CLEARLY SHOW THAT THE ASTEROID ICARUS, BEARING THE MASTER OF EVIL--SATAN HIMSELF--WILL LAND ON THAT VERY SPOT ... WITH WORLD-SHATTERING EFFECT!
STAIRROD-VISUAL SURVEILLANCE MODE!

Hff! Hwu! Hff!
SNAP!
A!!!!!

WELL, STERNROD? AM I RIGHT? DO I SENSE A GROVELLING APOLOGY?
YOU SENSE A FEARLESS EXPOSÉ, BADROD LOOK-- YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE.
THE ASTEROID'S SCHEDULED TO LAND HERE ALL RIGHT-
BUT NOT UNTIL 2014!


I KNOW THAT! BUT WE CAN'T WAIT TILL THEN! DIDN'T YOU SEE THE NEWS? THE JAPANESE CULTS ARE PREDICTING THE END FOR THE YEAR 2000!
SO WHAT? THEY COULD BE WRONG
WORSE-- THEY COULD BE RIGHT! AND IF THEY ARE, WHO'LL BE AROUND TO LISTEN TO HIS PREACHING ABOUT 2014? WE'LL LOOK PRETTY STUPID, I CAN TELL YOU!

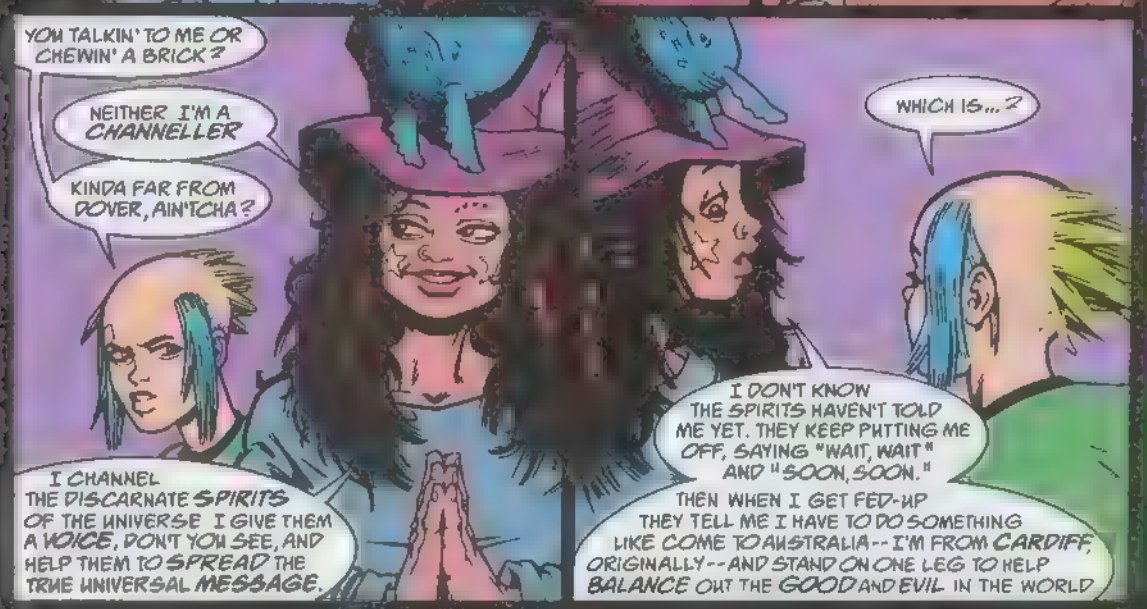
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN AVOID HUMILIATION--
THE SONS OF DIABOLOS MUST BRING THE APOCALYPSE FORWARD!


TANK GIRL!

SPECIAL ORDER FOR YOU! THREE OF YOUR FAVORITE TOPPINGS, PLUS ONE YOU DON'T LIKE JUST TO GIVE YOU SOMETHIN' TO BITCH ABOUT!
DON'T WANT IT.

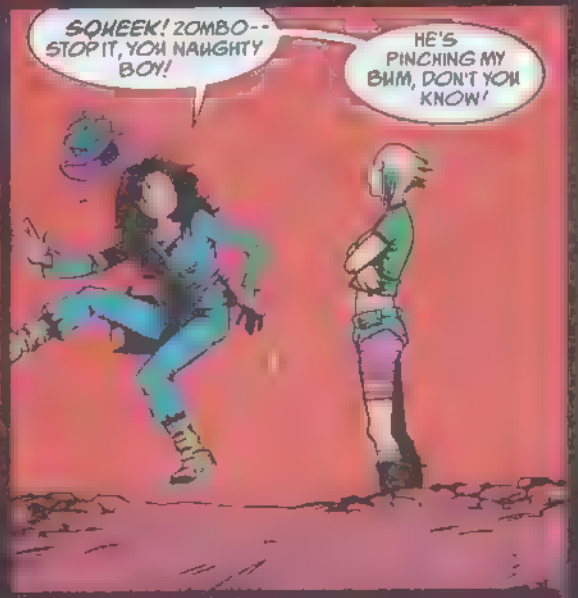
?
TA.

HOW MUCH LONGER, BIG ELK?


YOU TALKIN' TO ME OR CHEWIN' A BRICK?
NEITHER I'M A CHANNELLER
KINDA FAR FROM DOVER, AIN'TCHA?
I CHANNEL THE DISCARNATE SPIRITS OF THE UNIVERSE I GIVE THEM A VOICE, DON'T YOU SEE, AND HELP THEM TO SPREAD THE TRUE UNIVERSAL MESSAGE.
WHICH IS...?
I DON'T KNOW THE SPIRITS HAVEN'T TOLD ME YET. THEY KEEP PUTTING ME OFF, SAYING "WAIT, WAIT" AND "SOON, SOON."
THEN WHEN I GET FED-UP THEY TELL ME I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING LIKE COME TO AUSTRALIA -- I'M FROM CARDIFF, ORIGINALLY -- AND STAND ON ONE LEG TO HELP BALANCE OUT THE GOOD AND EVIL IN THE WORLD

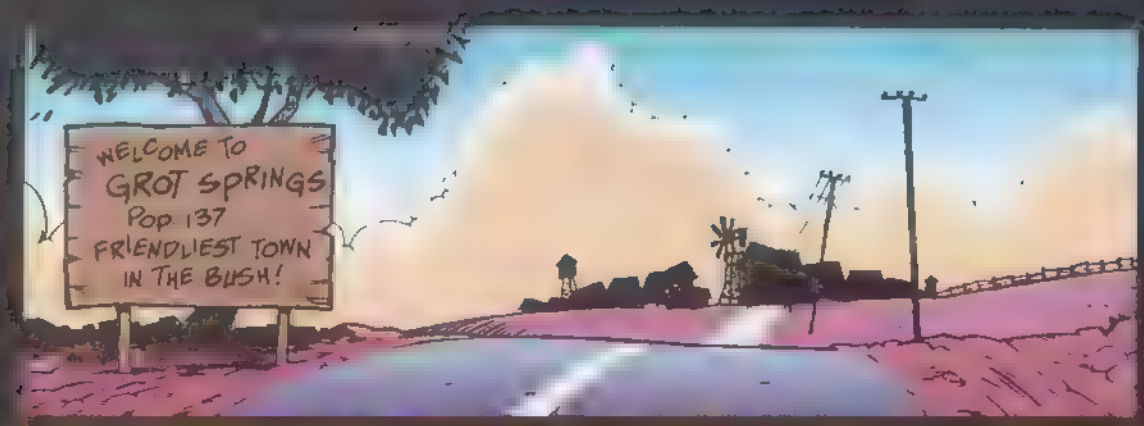
I'VE GOT TWO SPIRITS, YOU KNOW THERE'S BIG ELK THE WARRIOR CHIEF, VERY ANCIENT, VERY DIGNIFIED, A MEMBER OF THE GALAXY'S RULING COUNCIL, AS WELL AS CHAIRING SEVERAL SUB-COMMITTEES
AND THERE'S ZOMBO, A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE IMP!

CAN'T YOU SEE THEM?
NO.

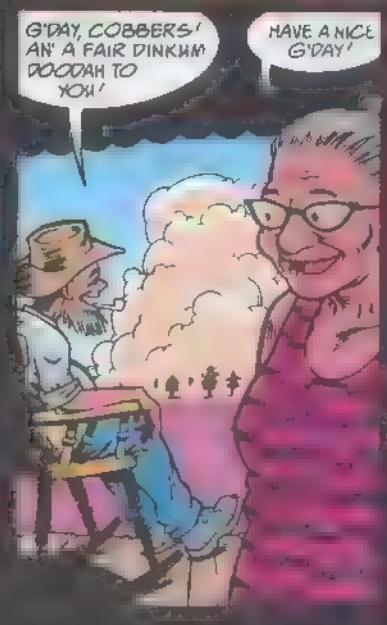

SQUEEK! ZOMBO-- STOP IT, YOU NAUGHTY BOY!
HE'S PINCHING MY BUM, DON'T YOU KNOW!

BIG ELK SAYS I HAVE TO GIVE YOU THIS MAGIC CRYSTAL. IT WILL HELP BRING UNDERSTANDING AND PERHAPS SAVE YOU FROM A TERRIBLE
CARRY IT WITH YOU ALWAYS, FOR IT BRINGS LUCK TO ALL WHO TOUCH IT

LOADA FUCKIN NONSENSE


WELCOME TO
GROT SPRINGS
POP 137
FRIENDLIEST TOWN
IN THE BUSH!

KERR-ASSH!
WELCOME
GROT SPRIN
137
TOWN
oh shit

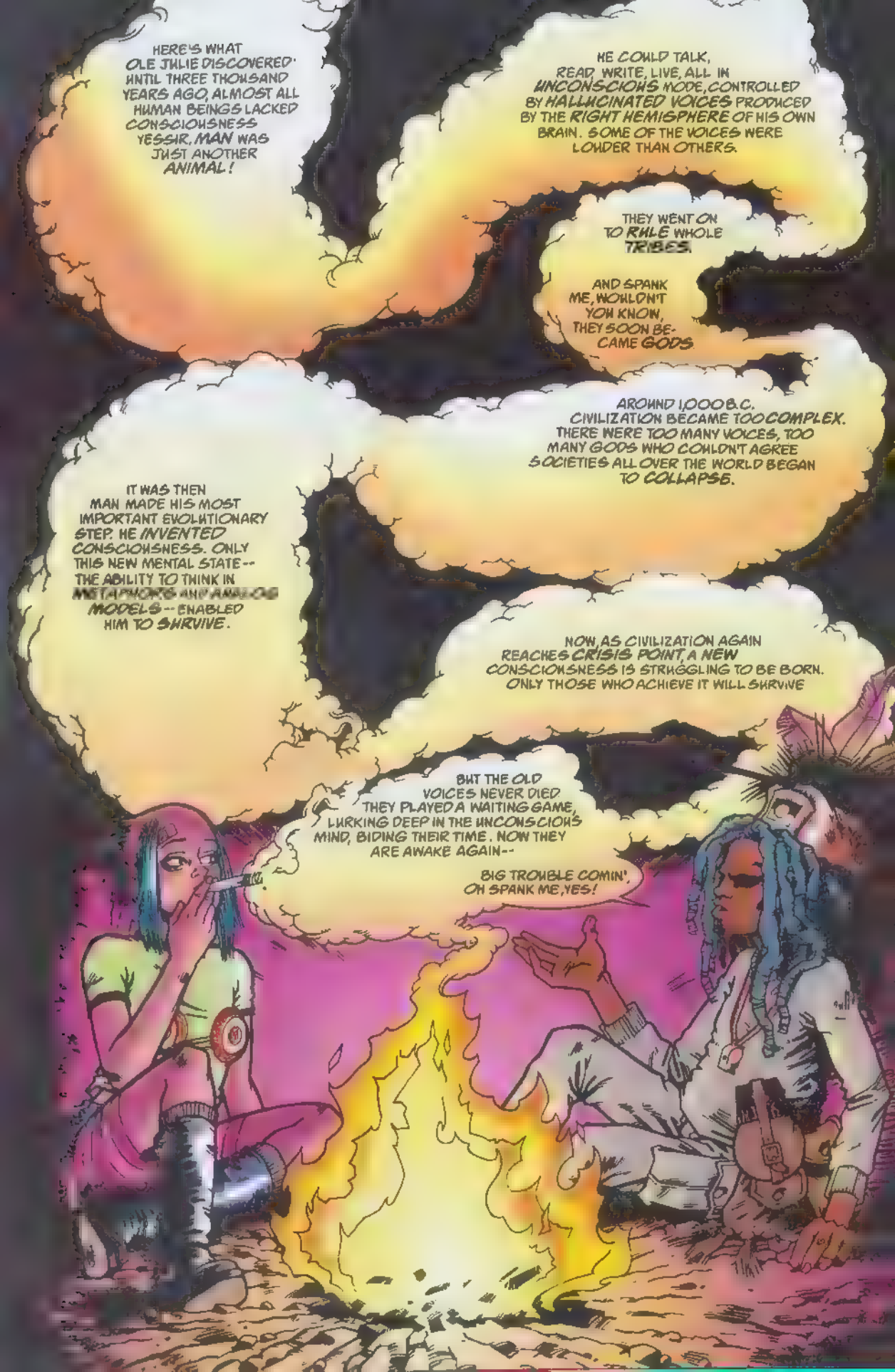

G'DAY, COBBERS! AN' A FAIR DINKUM DOODAH TO YOU!
HAVE A NICE G'DAY!

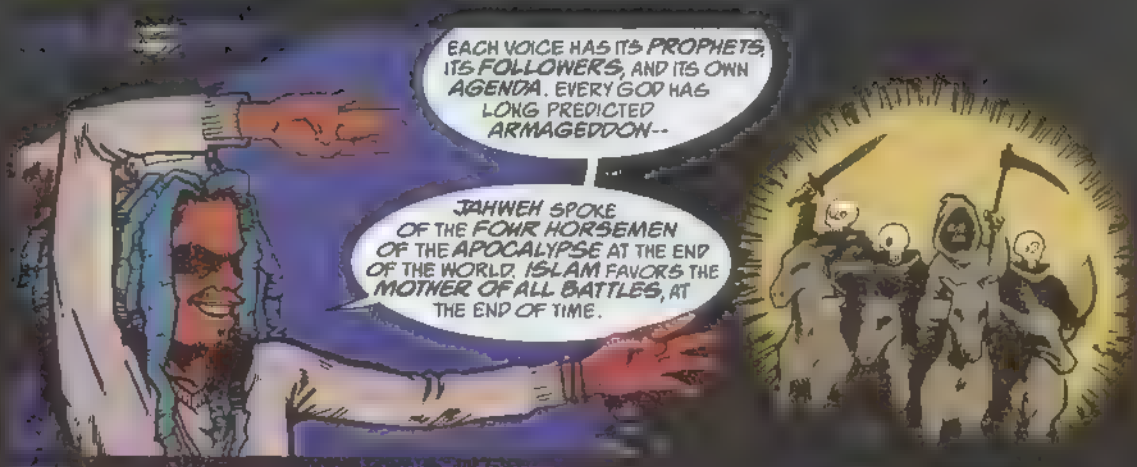
G'DAY
BAM
BAM

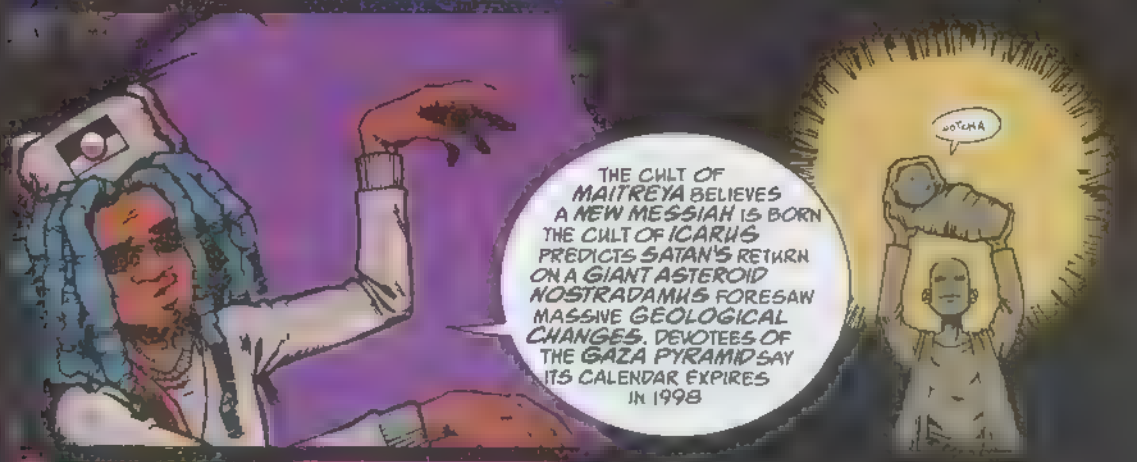
AAHH!
AGH!

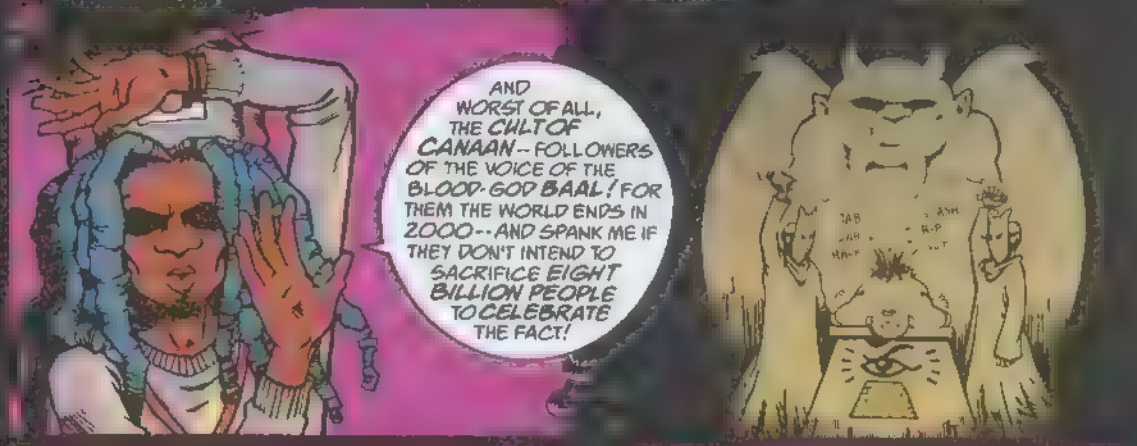
BOOM
KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THE SONSA-BITCHES!
CRUNCH!
BAM!
BAM BAM
VRRRNN
I CLAIM THIS TOWN IN THE NAME OF THE CULT OF CANAAN!
ALL PRAISE TO BAAL, THE BLOOD-GOD!

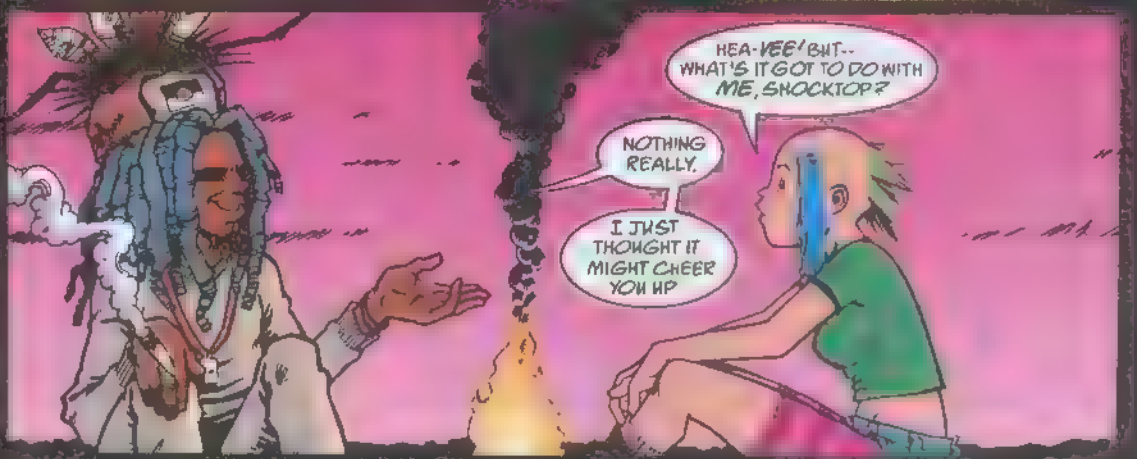
THE SICKNESS THAT AILS YOU IS NOT OF THE BODY, TANK GIRL
I HAVE LOOKED DEEP IN YOUR TROUBLED SOUL. I JUDGE YOU ARE READY TO KNOW THE TRUTH.
LIKE, THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS?
LIKE, THE KNOWLEDGE OF PROFESSOR JULIAN JAYNES, CIRCA 1967
I BEEN READING HIS BOOK--"THE ORIGIN OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE BREAKDOWN OF THE BICAMERAL MIND"
YOU WOT?
THIS IS THE BARK OF A COMMON TREE WITH MOST UNCOMMON PROPERTIES. SMOKE IT, AND KNOW TRUTH
THE TRUTH IS, I DON'T FEEL LIKE A BLAST, MAN!
I INSIST IT WILL HELP CIRCUMVENT YOUR ANALYTICAL MIND-- FREE YOUR CREATIVITY-- AND SPEAK DIRECTLY TO THE YOU-NESS BURIED DEEP INSIDE
PLUS A STORY ALWAYS SOUNDS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE STONED!


HERE'S WHAT OLE JULIE DISCOVERED: UNTIL THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, ALMOST ALL HUMAN BEINGS LACKED CONSCIOUSNESS YESSIR, MAN WAS JUST ANOTHER ANIMAL!
HE COULD TALK, READ, WRITE, LIVE, ALL IN UNCONSCIOUS MODE, CONTROLLED BY HALLUCINATED VOICES PRODUCED BY THE RIGHT HEMISPHERE OF HIS OWN BRAIN. SOME OF THE VOICES WERE LOUDER THAN OTHERS.
THEY WENT ON TO RULE WHOLE TRIBES.
AND SPANK ME, WOULDN'T YOU KNOW, THEY SOON BECAME GODS.
AROUND 1,000 B.C. CIVILIZATION BECAME TOO COMPLEX. THERE WERE TOO MANY VOICES, TOO MANY GODS WHO COULDN'T AGREE. SOCIETIES ALL OVER THE WORLD BEGAN TO COLLAPSE.
IT WAS THEN MAN MADE HIS MOST IMPORTANT EVOLUTIONARY STEP. HE INVENTED CONSCIOUSNESS. ONLY THIS NEW MENTAL STATE -- THE ABILITY TO THINK IN METAPHORS AND ANALOG MODELS -- ENABLED HIM TO SURVIVE.
NOW, AS CIVILIZATION AGAIN REACHES CRISIS POINT, A NEW CONSCIOUSNESS IS STRUGGLING TO BE BORN. ONLY THOSE WHO ACHIEVE IT WILL SURVIVE
BUT THE OLD VOICES NEVER DIED. THEY PLAYED A WAITING GAME, LURKING DEEP IN THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND, BIDING THEIR TIME. NOW THEY ARE AWAKE AGAIN--
BIG TROUBLE COMIN', OH SPANK ME, YES!


EACH VOICE HAS ITS PROPHETS, ITS FOLLOWERS, AND ITS OWN AGENDA. EVERY GOD HAS LONG PREDICTED ARMAGEDDON--
JAHWEH SPOKE OF THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD. ISLAM FAVORS THE MOTHER OF ALL BATTLES, AT THE END OF TIME.


THE CULT OF MAITREYA BELIEVES A NEW MESSIAH IS BORN THE CULT OF ICARUS PREDICTS SATAN'S RETURN ON A GIANT ASTEROID NOSTRADAMUS FORESAW MASSIVE GEOLOGICAL CHANGES. DEVOTEES OF THE GAZA PYRAMID SAY ITS CALENDAR EXPIRES IN 1998
GOTCHA


AND WORST OF ALL, THE CULT OF CANAAN -- FOLLOWERS OF THE VOICE OF THE BLOOD-GOD BAAL! FOR THEM THE WORLD ENDS IN 2000 -- AND SPANK ME IF THEY DON'T INTEND TO SACRIFICE EIGHT BILLION PEOPLE TO CELEBRATE THE FACT!


HEA-VEE! BUT-- WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH ME, SHOCKTOP?
NOTHING REALLY.
I JUST THOUGHT IT MIGHT CHEER YOU UP

HOW MUCH LONGER, BIG ELK?

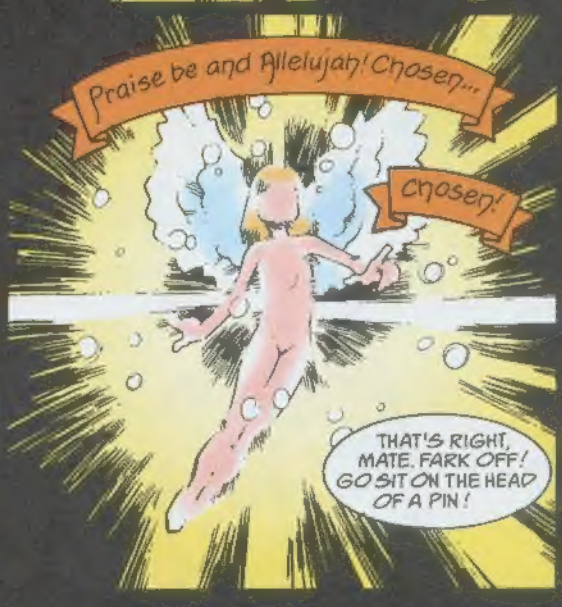
ON CALL
POW!
DOC! DOC!
HEY, DOC!
DOWN HERE!
THAT'S RIGHT, DOC! HERE! RIGHT HERE!
--ERT AND JULIE UPDATE: AFTER SETTING FIRE TO A PARIS-BOUND 747, THE DUO ARE HOLDING A CONCORDE PILOT HOSTAGE AND DEMANDING CLEARANCE FOR IMMEDIATE--
-KRUNCH!
SMASH!
ON CALL
TINKLE!
CRUNCH!!
IT'S TANK GIRL, DOC-- SHE'S REAL SICK! NO SEX -- NO BOOZE-- WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK AT STEVE'S PIZZA! CAN YOU HELP HER?
I'LL NEED TO EXAMINE HER FIRST.
SHE'LL KILL YOU BEFORE SHE LETS YOU DO THAT!
SO WHAT'S THE DIAGNOSIS, DOC? WHAT DO YOU SAY?
UM... IS THERE ANY PIZZA LEFT?

BABE! NICE SURPRISE!
AND MOST TIMELY!
HOT STUFF

PITY I'M ALL OUT OF ANESTHETIC!
WALLOP!

Tank Girl!
Tank Girl!

I bring you glad tidings.
YOU CAN FARK RIGHT OFF, MATE! WHERE I COME FROM, ANGELS ARE BAD BLOODY LUCK!
You have been chosen!


Praise be and Allelujah! Chosen...
Chosen!
THAT'S RIGHT, MATE. FARK OFF! GO SIT ON THE HEAD OF A PIN!

CONGRATULATIONS, TANK GIRL! THE PATTER OF TINY TREADS IS ON ITS WAY.
HUH? SAY THAT IN ENGLISH, NOODLE-HEAD!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABY!
YOU CAN LOOK NOW, LADS!
WHAT?
YOU'RE PREGNANT. IN THE CLUB. THE FAMILY WAY. UP THE DUFF. UP THE STICK. EXPECTING.
SHURELY SHOME MISHTAKE...?
THE TESTS DO NOT LIE! NO WONDER YOU FELT OFF-COLOR. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TANK BABY!
I'LL BE... A DAD?

WHO SAID IT WAS YOURS, RATFACE?
IT'S THE BIGGEST MOMENT OF A WOMAN'S LIFE! AREN'T YOU EXCITED? DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?
WOMPPP!
BASTARD!
NEXT ISSUE
BOOGA'S MESSIAH